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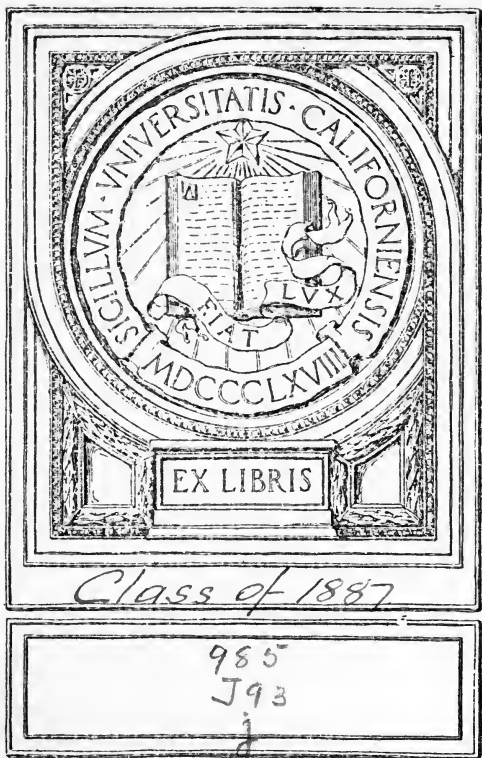


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# Jingles *for* Singles





*Class of 1887*

985

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# Jingles for Singles.

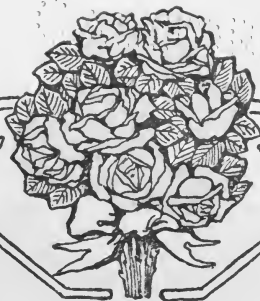


Verses.

Ida H. Juillerat.

Decorations

Bertha M. Boye.



Copyright, 1910, by  
IDA H. JULLERAT  
Oakland, Cal.

Class of 1897

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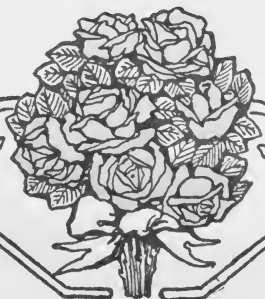
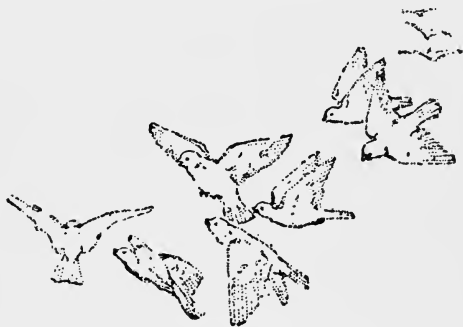
A  
MOTHER GOOSE  
FOR  
LOVERS' USE



**Dedicated to All Lovers, of the  
Past, Present and Future, and to Dan  
Cupid and the Little Birds no less.**

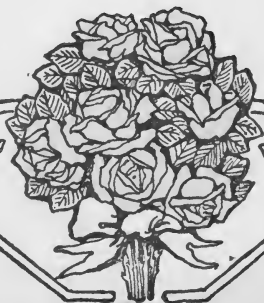


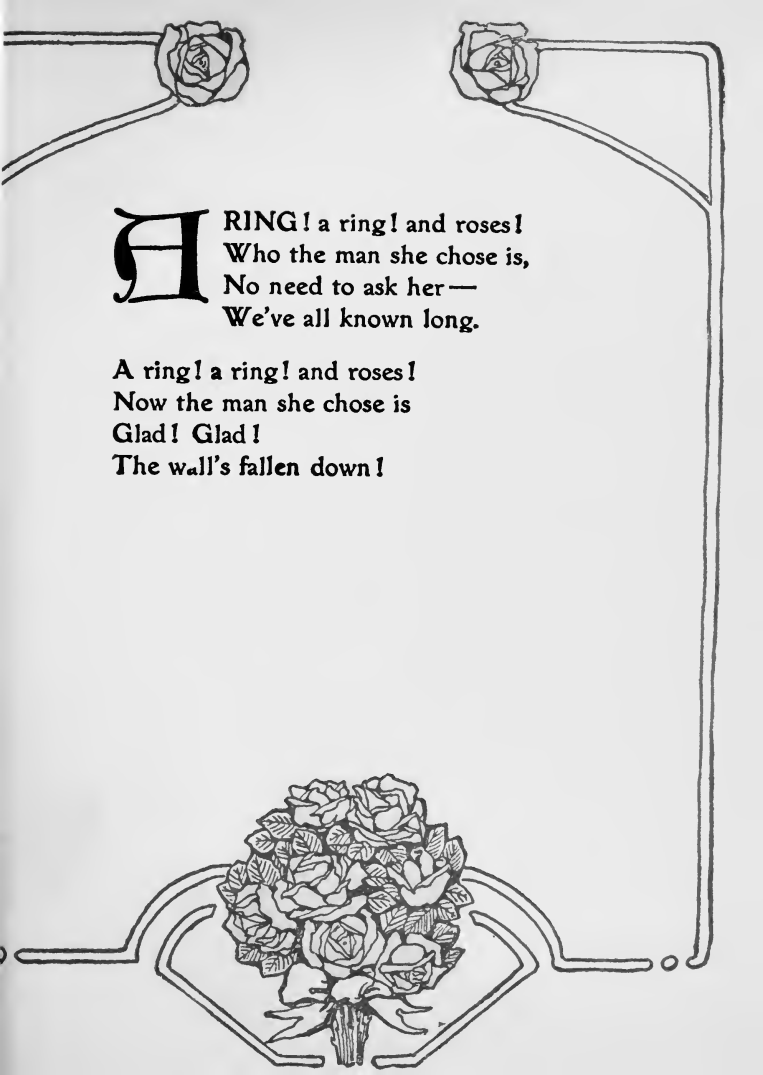
**A**WAY! Birds! Away!  
You are little, but not a little  
Thru you do lovers gain,  
For oft it's true, success is due  
To Cupid first,  
But next, to you!





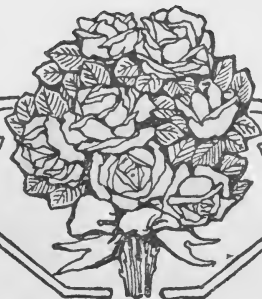
**L**ITTLE Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Reading, I've heard, one day,  
When Somebody spied her,  
And sat down beside her;  
A bride is Miss Muffet this day!





**A** RING! a ring! and roses!  
Who the man she chose is,  
No need to ask her—  
We've all known long.

A ring! a ring! and roses!  
Now the man she chose is  
Glad! Glad!  
The wall's fallen down!

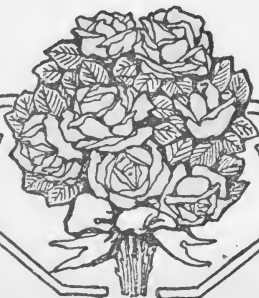
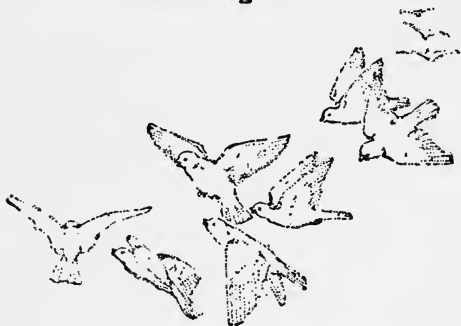




**A**S she came thru the garden gap,  
Whom should she meet but  
Dick Red Cap!  
Flowers in his hand, and a catch  
in his throat —  
But the thing he said not — she found  
in a note!

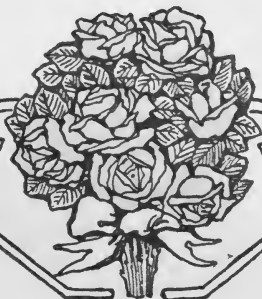


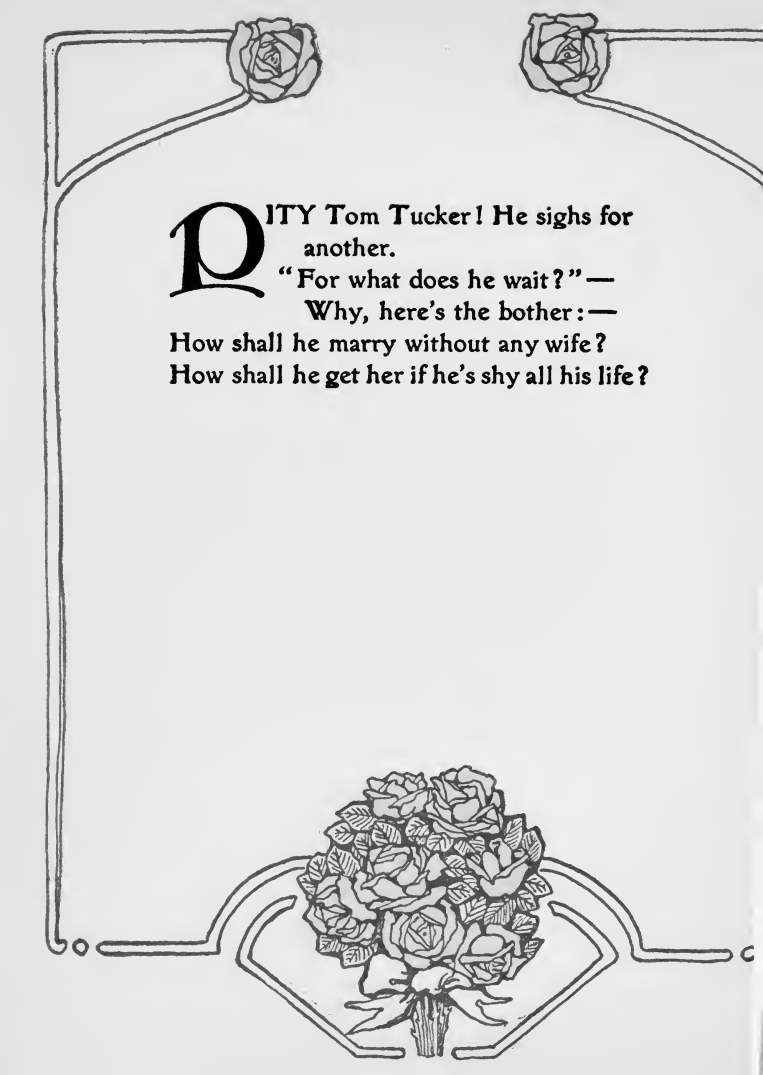
LITTLE BoPeep has lost her sleep,  
And I know where to find it—  
In a letter, quite long,  
That somehow went wrong—  
But I'll not tell who signed it!




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THERE was a young woman who  
lived in a stew ;  
She'd so many lovers she didn't  
know what to do,  
Till Cupid, one day, *his* choice of them  
read,  
And made a solution quite easy, 'tis said !

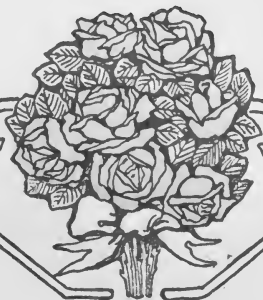




**D**ITY Tom Tucker! He sighs for  
another.  
“For what does he wait?” —  
Why, here’s the bother:—  
How shall he marry without any wife?  
How shall he get her if he’s shy all his life?



**H**E saw Margery Daw,  
On the avenue passed her;  
He shall say whatever he may —  
*T've seen him walk much faster!*





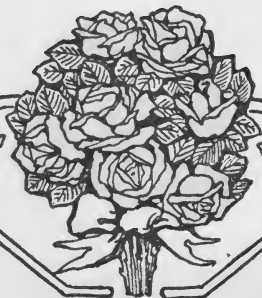
No prettier house than Jack built !

**B**UT Jack, poor lad, was all forlorn,  
His heart with love was tattered,  
torn,  
And sorrowing he rose each  
morn ;

Sad was the house that Jack built !

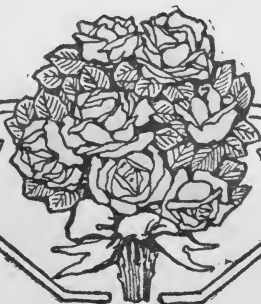
Ah me ! his heart was crumpled, torn !  
Till, on a wond'rous happy morn,  
He won the maid ! Then what ? —  
Forlorn ? —

Glad was the house that Jack built !




HERE was a maid in our town,  
And she was wond'rous wise!  
She found that Someone loved  
her,  
Just by looking in his eyes!

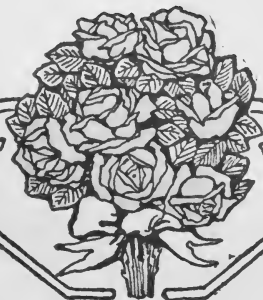
So when she saw his heart was gone!—  
Oh, joy for lovers twain!—  
She gave him hers, for well she knew  
That heart for heart, is gain.



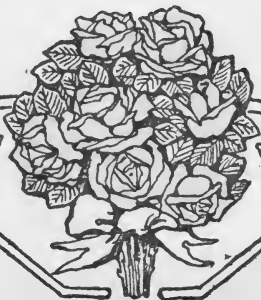


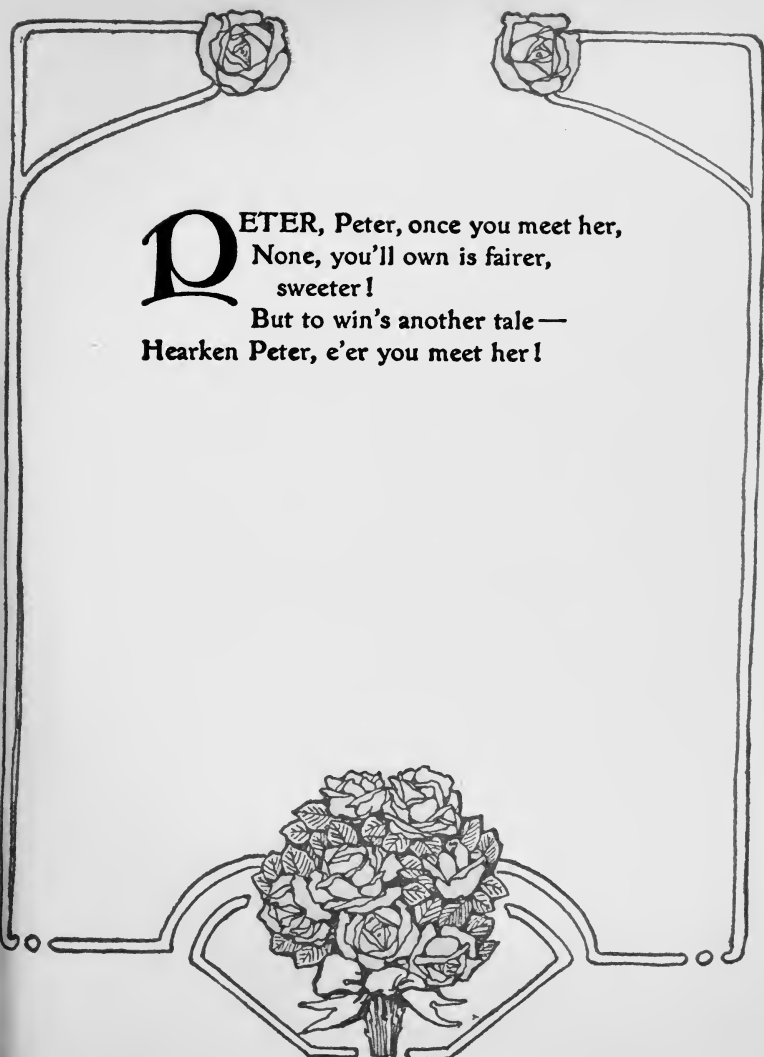


**D**AFFY-DOWN-DILLY is seen  
on the down,  
In her yellow petticoat and her  
green gown ;  
Daffy-down-dilly with Spring shall depart,  
While she who is fairer, dwells on in my  
heart.

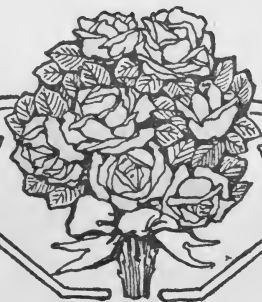



**G**OOSIE, goosie, gander!  
Thought that he could wander  
Anywhere, everywhere,  
Nor grow fond and fonder  
Of some maiden — somewhere —  
Nor make his lover's prayer —  
But the maiden's sweetness  
Taught him wisdom rare.





**P**ETER, Peter, once you meet her,  
None, you'll own is fairer,  
sweeter!  
But to win's another tale—  
Hearken Peter, e'er you meet her!

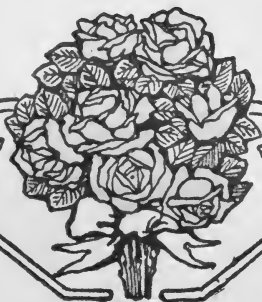




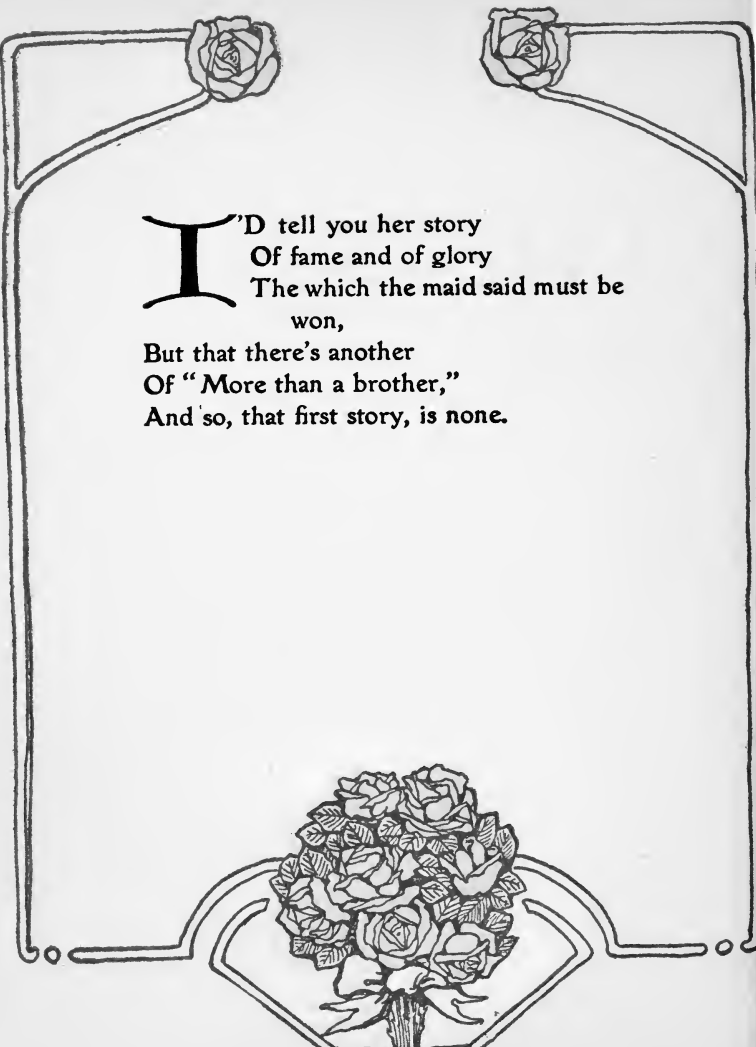
**U**PON my word and honor,  
As I went up to Bonner,  
My heart was lead for pretty Meg,  
As I went up her hand to beg,  
Went sadly up to Bonner.

But on my word of honor,  
As I came back from Bonner,  
The birds sang all, and on each twig  
The very leaves danced all a jig —  
As I came back from Bonner!

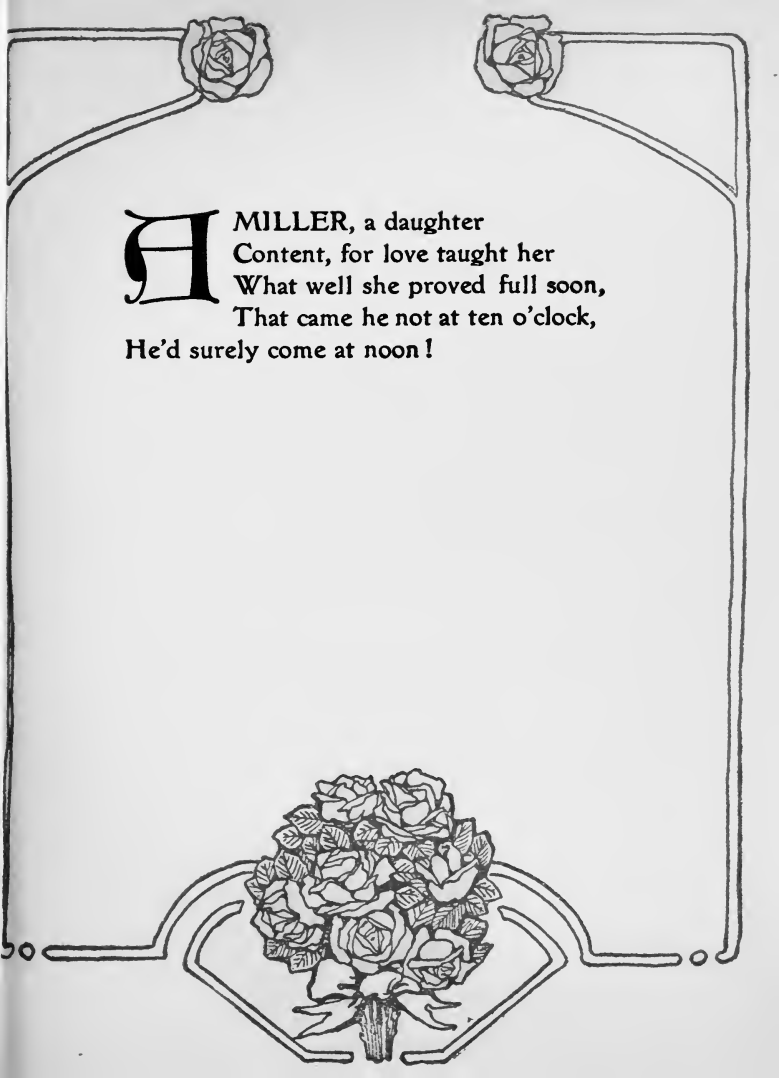
**D**ASHING Jack Horner  
Stood on a corner  
Heaving a dismal sigh ;  
He looked very glum,  
For altho' she had come,  
The fair and unknown — passed by.



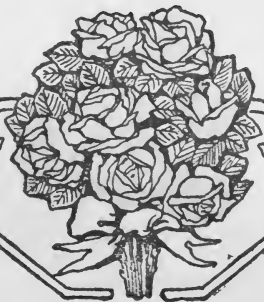




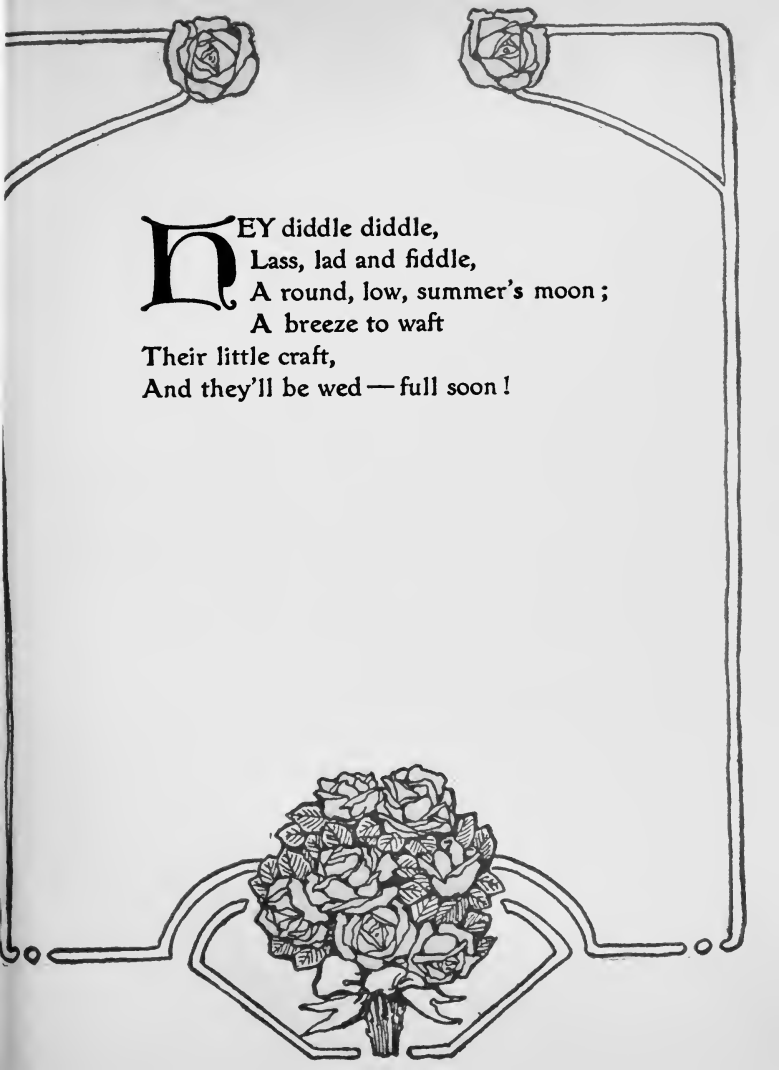
**I**'D tell you her story  
Of fame and of glory  
The which the maid said must be  
won,  
But that there's another  
Of "More than a brother,"  
And 'so, that first story, is none.



**A** MILLER, a daughter  
Content, for love taught her  
What well she proved full soon,  
That came he not at ten o'clock,  
He'd surely come at noon!








**T**HEY diddle diddle,  
Lass, lad and fiddle,  
A round, low, summer's moon ;  
A breeze to waft  
Their little craft,  
And they'll be wed — full soon !

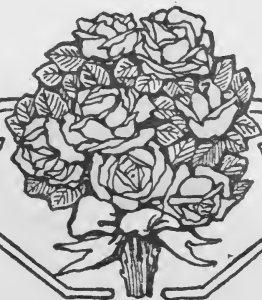




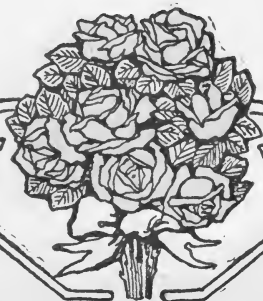
**H**ARK! hark! the dog doth bark,  
And Betty is wearing a frown;  
Ah! well *he* may brag  
Who gets the dog's *wag*,  
And sees Betty come smilingly down.




**J**ACK Sprat could eat no fat,  
Jack Sprat could eat no lean ;  
But when the maid at last was  
won —  
He ate the platter clean !



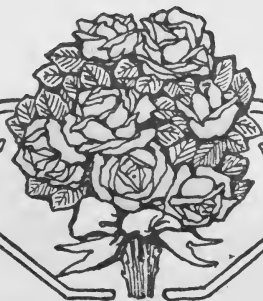
**G**EORGE adored the maiden nigh,  
So he kissed the maiden shy;  
When the maid had naught to  
say —  
Bade her name the wedding day!






**J**ACK met Jill upon the hill—  
A winsome, fetching daughter!—  
Jack met Jill upon the hill—  
Perhaps—because he sought her!

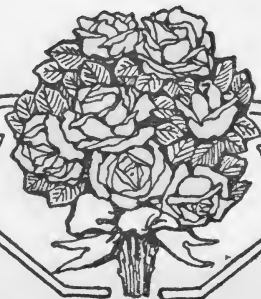
Jack met Jill upon the hill;  
It cheered his heart like laughter;  
She came anon unto the town,  
And, think you, he came “after”?






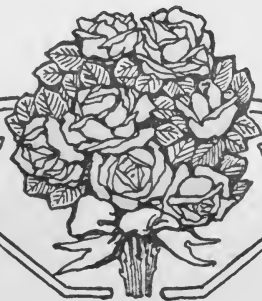


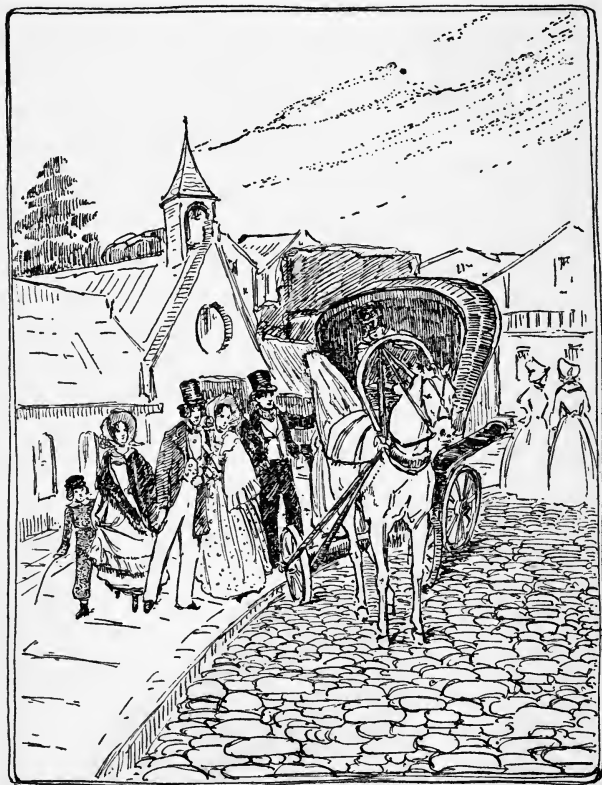
**A**S I was going along, long, long,  
I hummed on a bit of a song,  
song, song,  
For a lane where birds and  
flowers throng,  
Hath often lovers its way along ;  
So I hummed on my bit of a song, song,  
song,  
To say I was coming along, long, long.






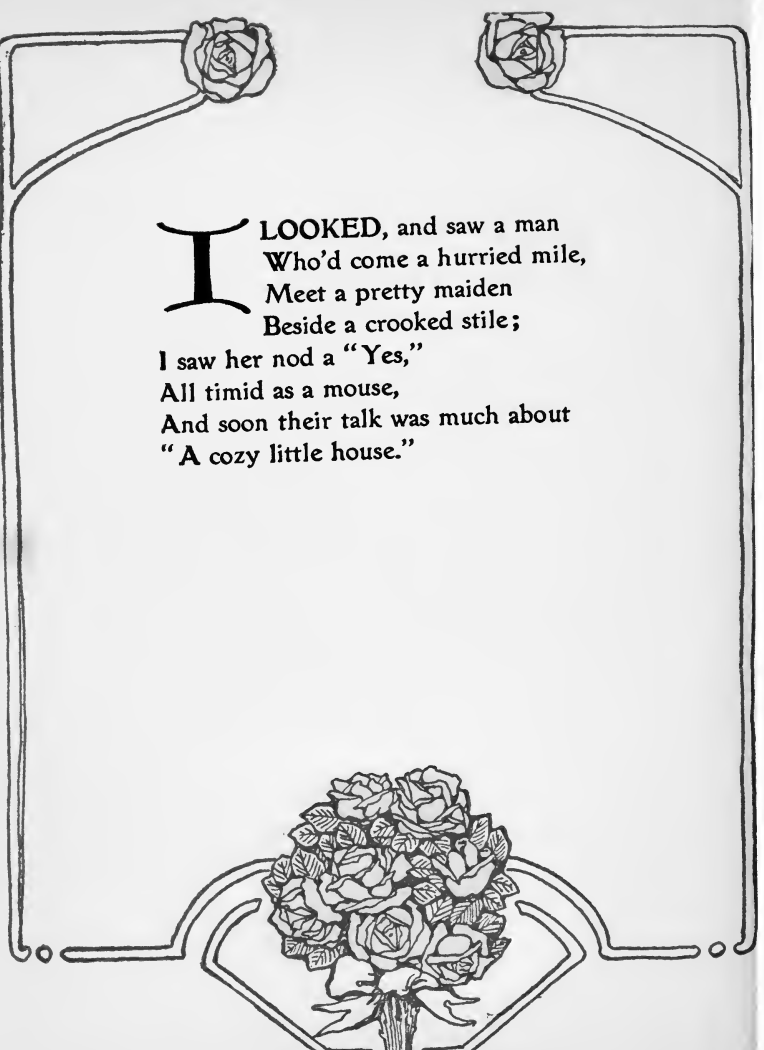
**T**OM, Tom is the wisest son !  
Cold was Peggy, colder, none :  
But soon, 'twas sweet her Tom  
to meet ;  
So Tom goes smiling down the street.



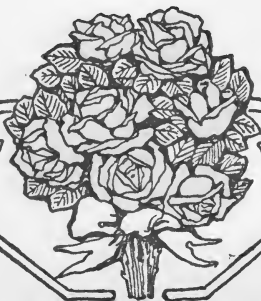


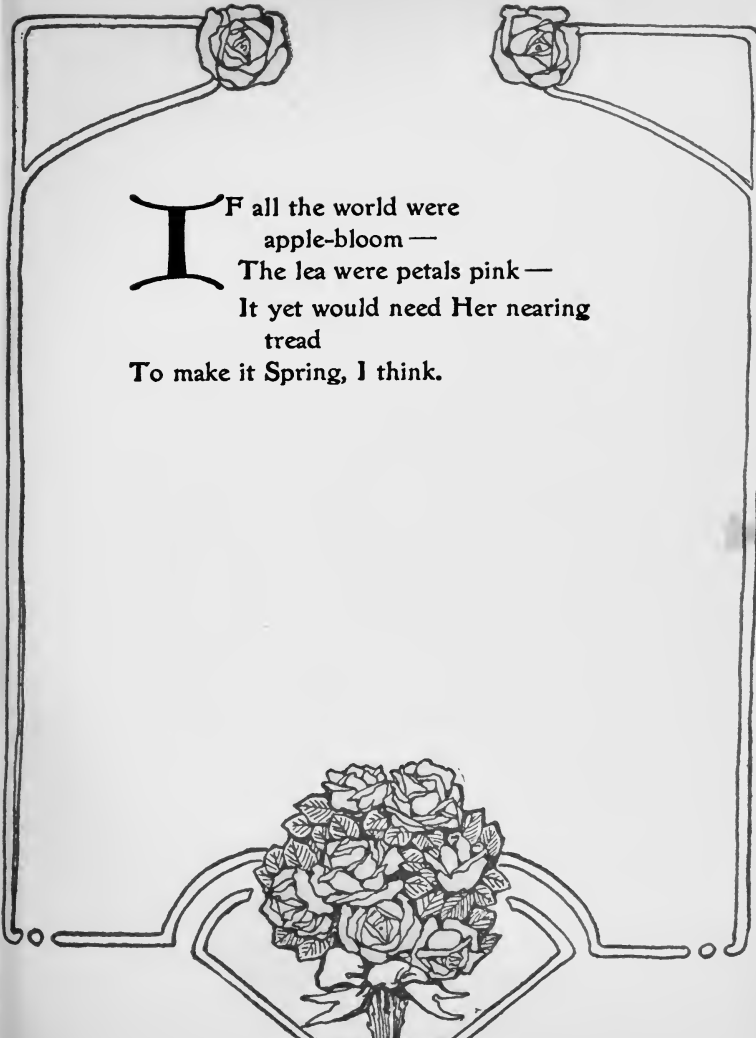


**A** BRIDAL, of course,  
At Banbury Cross!  
In white is my lady  
As soft as the moss,  
And the bells ring  
In joyfullest tone,  
Sweetest of music  
Anywhere known!

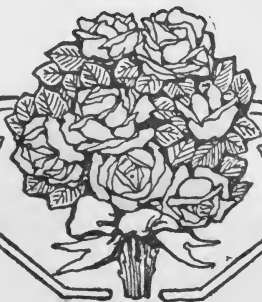


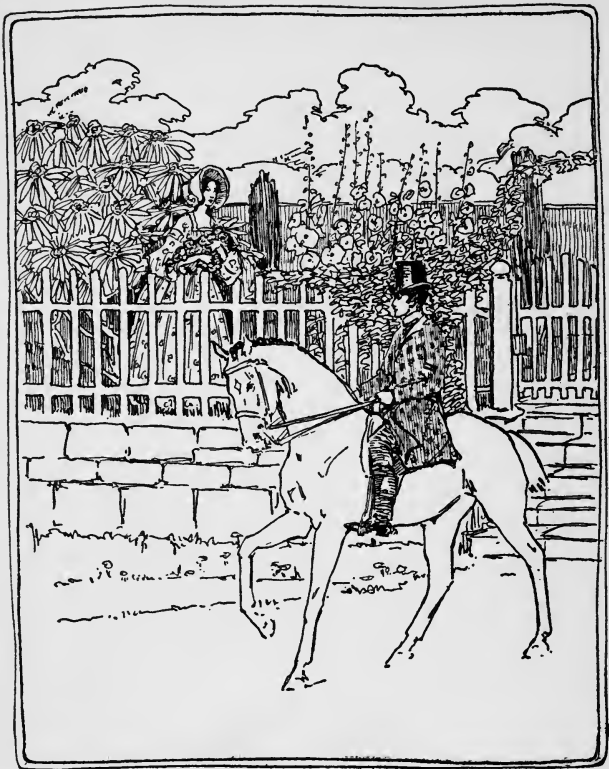
**I** LOOKED, and saw a man  
Who'd come a hurried mile,  
Meet a pretty maiden  
Beside a crooked stile;  
I saw her nod a "Yes,"  
All timid as a mouse,  
And soon their talk was much about  
"A cozy little house."





**I**F all the world were  
apple-bloom —  
The lea were petals pink —  
It yet would need Her nearing  
tread  
To make it Spring, I think.





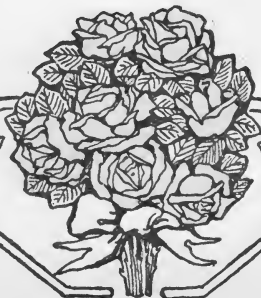
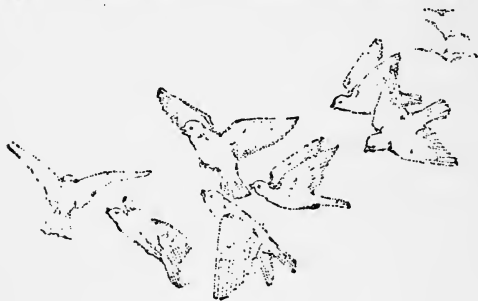
Maiden Mary, sweet and airy,  
How does your garden grow?




Silver bells and knotted veil,  
And pretty maids all in a row!



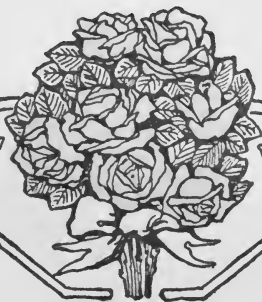
**W**EDDING cake! Wedding cake!  
baker man!  
Bake up the cake as quick as you  
can,  
For Father's approved it! marked it  
O. K.!—  
So the cake may be needed now, any day!





**S**T. SWITHIN'S day, tho' thou  
dost rain,  
My bridal day thou shalt remain,  
And tho' thou rain, thou shalt  
be fair

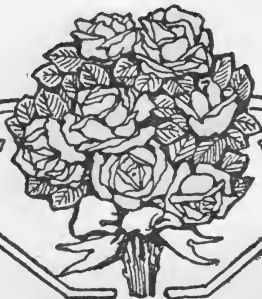
That gives me her forevermore!  
St. Swithin's day, tho' thou dost rain,  
My brightest day thou shalt remain,  
And from thy dawning, grey or fair,  
Within my life, 't will rain no more.



**B**OBBY Shaftoe's gone to see  
Sylvia, upon his knee  
To ask her, "Will you marry  
me?" —

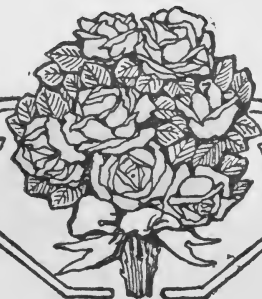
Pity Bobby Shaftoe!

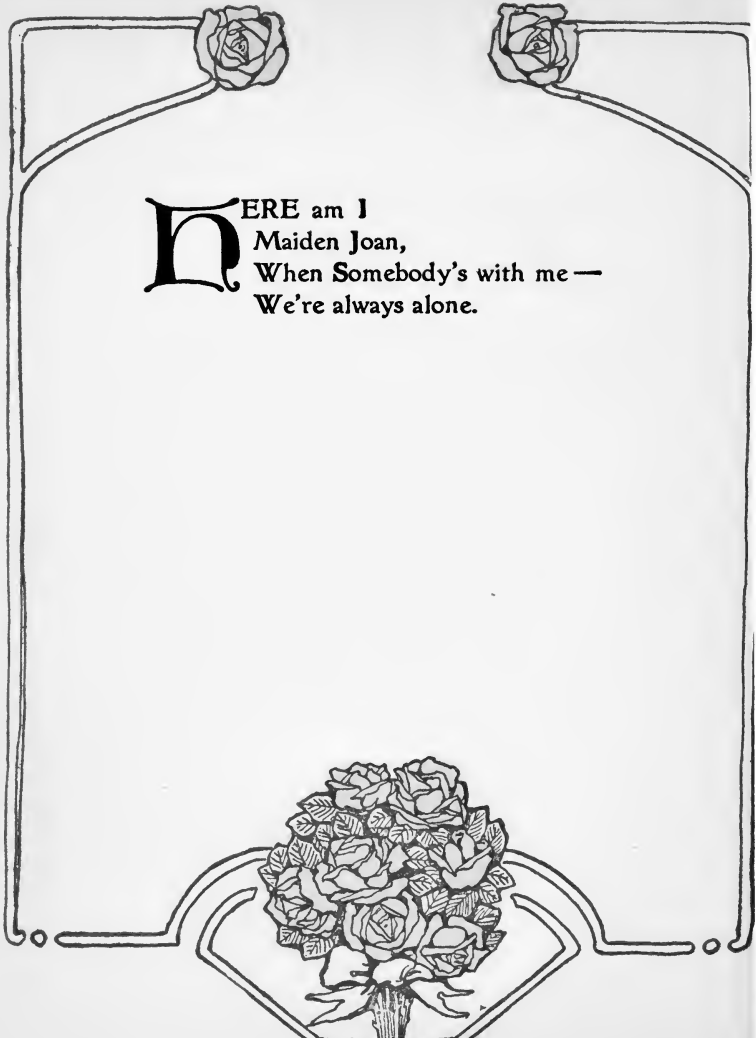
Bobby's step is light as air  
Coming down his Sylvia's stair;  
He'll be loved for evermore —  
Happy Bobby Shaftoe!



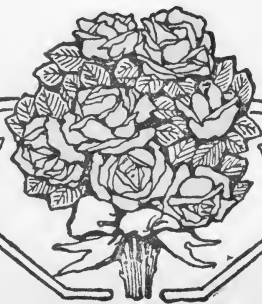
PETER White  
Is a happy sight! —  
Would you know the reason  
why? —

'Twere folly, you know,  
A sad face to show  
After the maid says, "Aye!"



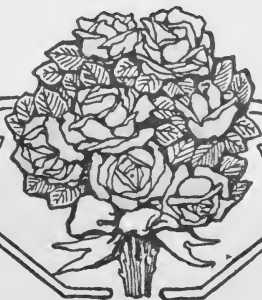


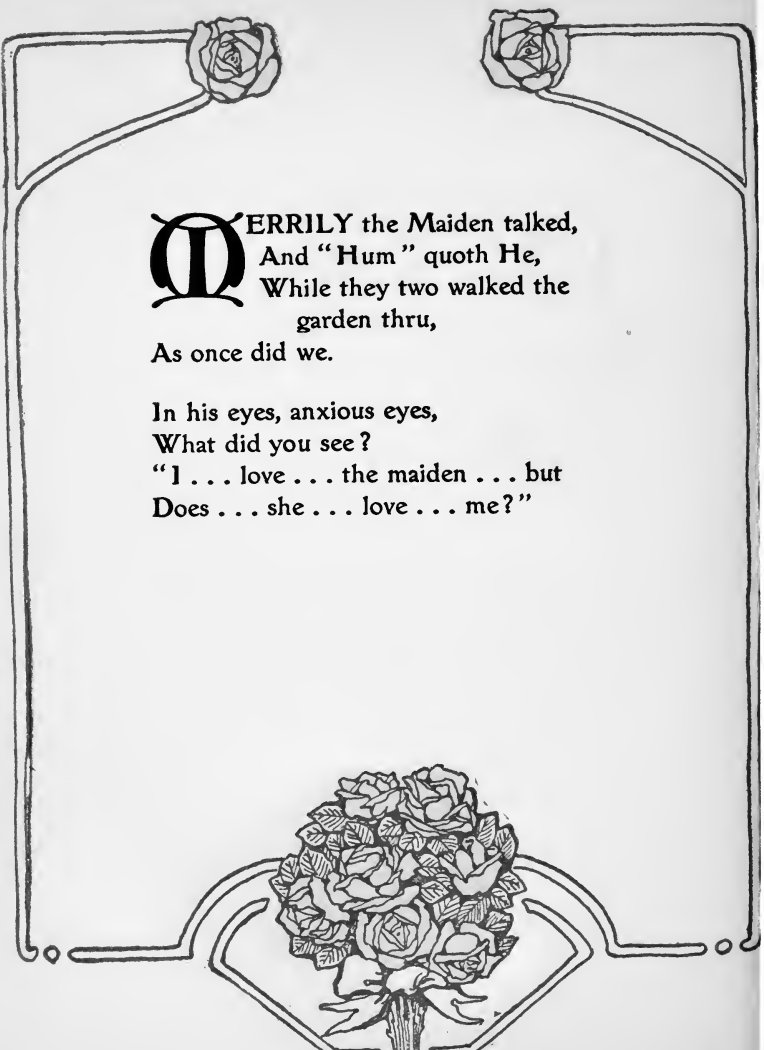
**H**ERE am I  
Maiden Joan,  
When Somebody's with me —  
We're always alone.



THERE was a fair maiden both  
dainty and small,  
Who rejoiced in loving—just no  
man at all!

One opened his heart to its utmost extent,  
And to it, all helpless, all happy, she went!






**M**ERRILY the Maiden talked,  
And "Hum" quoth He,  
While they two walked the  
garden thru,  
As once did we.

In his eyes, anxious eyes,  
What did you see?

"I . . . love . . . the maiden . . . but  
Does . . . she . . . love . . . me?"



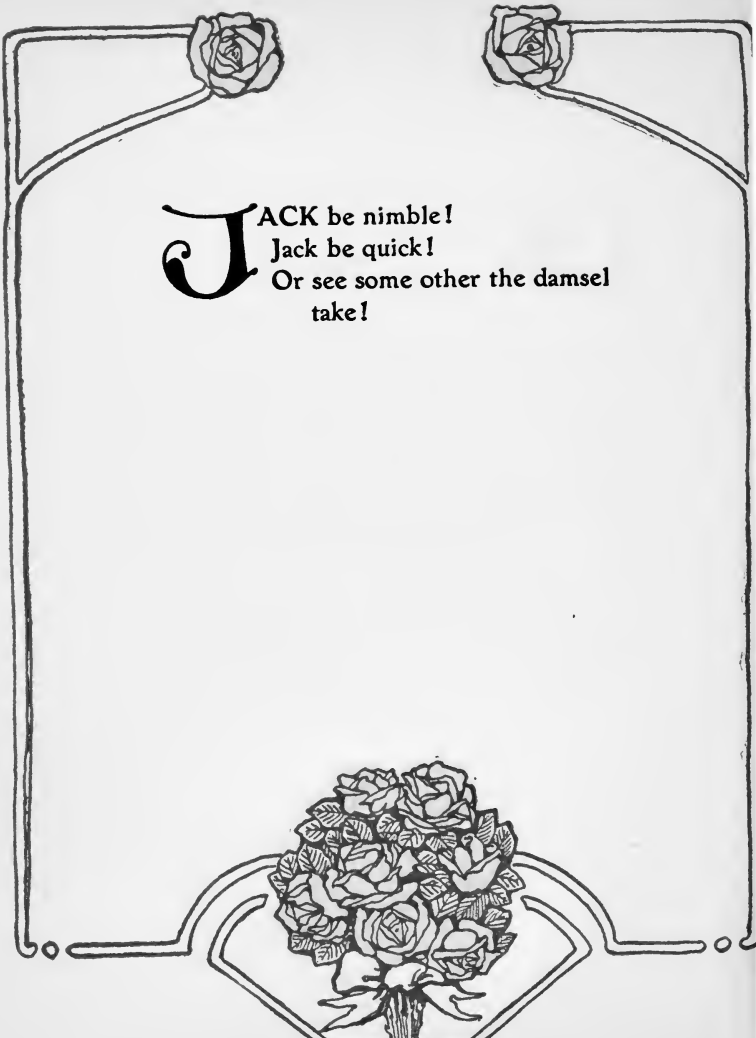
**S**IMPLE youth and simple maiden,  
Just a heedless pair ;  
Time goes by, and soon, they  
find them  
Lovers unaware.

Simple question to the maiden,  
Asked with anxious care —  
Dimpled Susan was to answer —  
Question ? — It was fair !

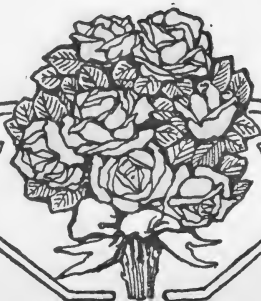
Simple question, “ Shall we wed ?  
Objections have you many ? ”  
Simple was the answer low —  
“ Indeed I have not any ! ”

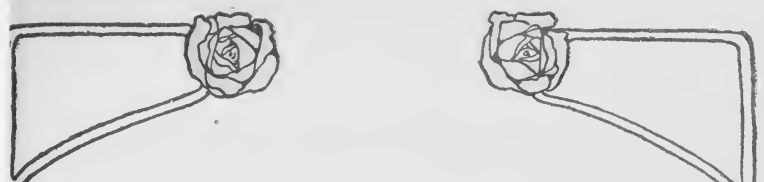






**J**ACK be nimble!  
Jack be quick!  
Or see some other the damsel  
take!






THESE was perhaps a Queen of  
Hearts,  
Who baked one summer's day,  
And, too, a knave who found the  
tarts

And took them quite away;

But now I sing another Queen —  
Another summer's day —  
Another, better, wiser man —  
He bore the *girl* away!









**D**R. Foster went to Gloucester  
In a shower of rain,  
Sing “Hey diddle diddle!” —  
What matters a puddle  
When there’s a lass to gain?





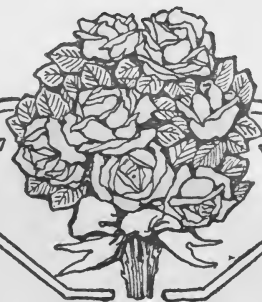
“COCK-a-doodle-doo!”  
What shall our lover do?  
Since cock-crow finds her still  
unwon,  
He'll come again to woo!

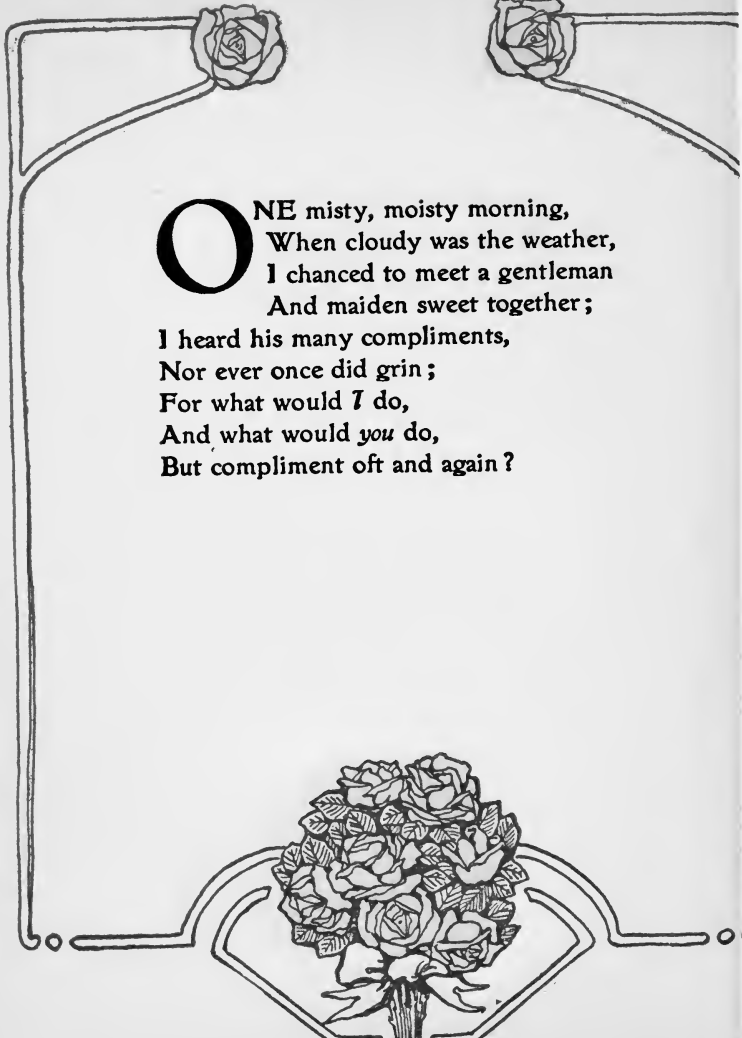




SING a song of *suspense*  
And sparkling, merry eyes,  
Of more than twenty lovers  
With aching hearts, and sighs.

When the rites are over,  
There'll be but one to sing —  
To whom my lady deigns to list,  
For *him* the bells shall ring.

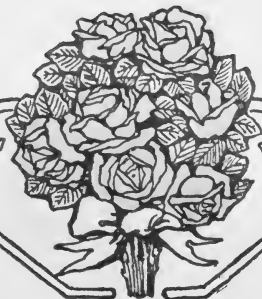




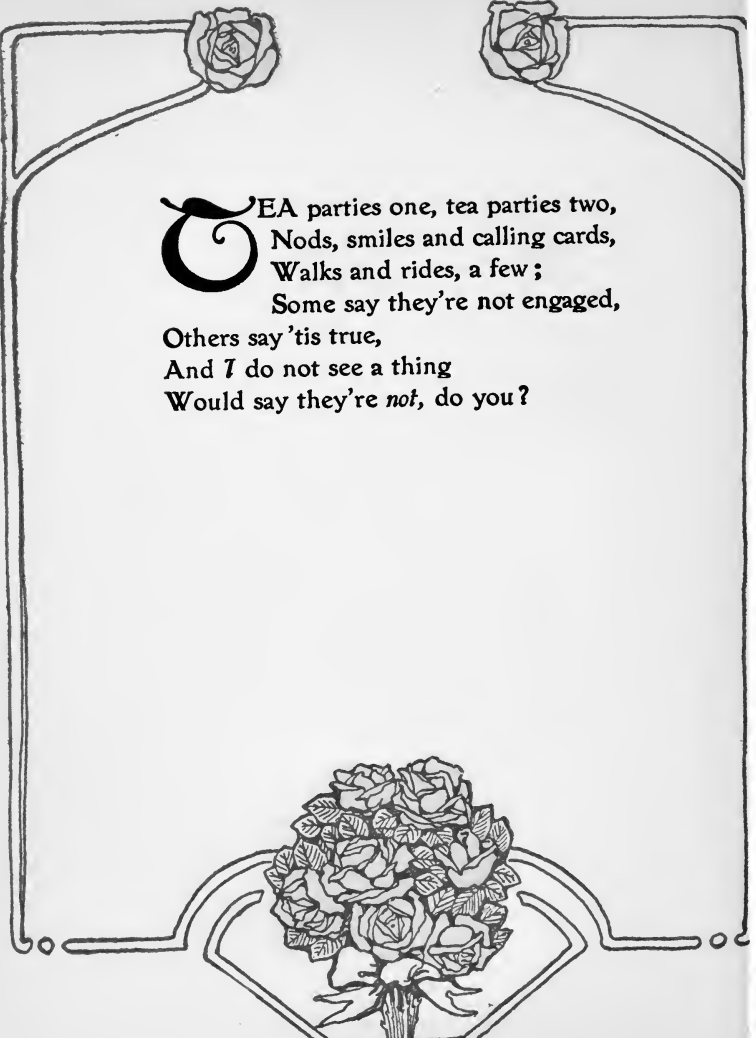
**O**NE misty, moisty morning,  
When cloudy was the weather,  
I chanced to meet a gentleman  
And maiden sweet together ;  
I heard his many compliments,  
Nor ever once did grin ;  
For what would *I* do,  
And what would *you* do,  
But compliment oft and again ?

AYE, glad she was and bonny,  
As the fragrant apple-spray  
That opening in the April,  
Delights beside the way;


And wistfully he passed her  
On the road that took him nigh her,  
Until there came a happy day  
When he was always by her.







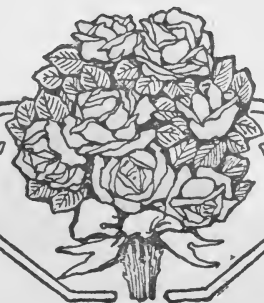
TEA parties one, tea parties two,  
Nods, smiles and calling cards,  
Walks and rides, a few ;  
Some say they're not engaged,  
Others say 'tis true,  
And I do not see a thing  
Would say they're *not*, do you ?

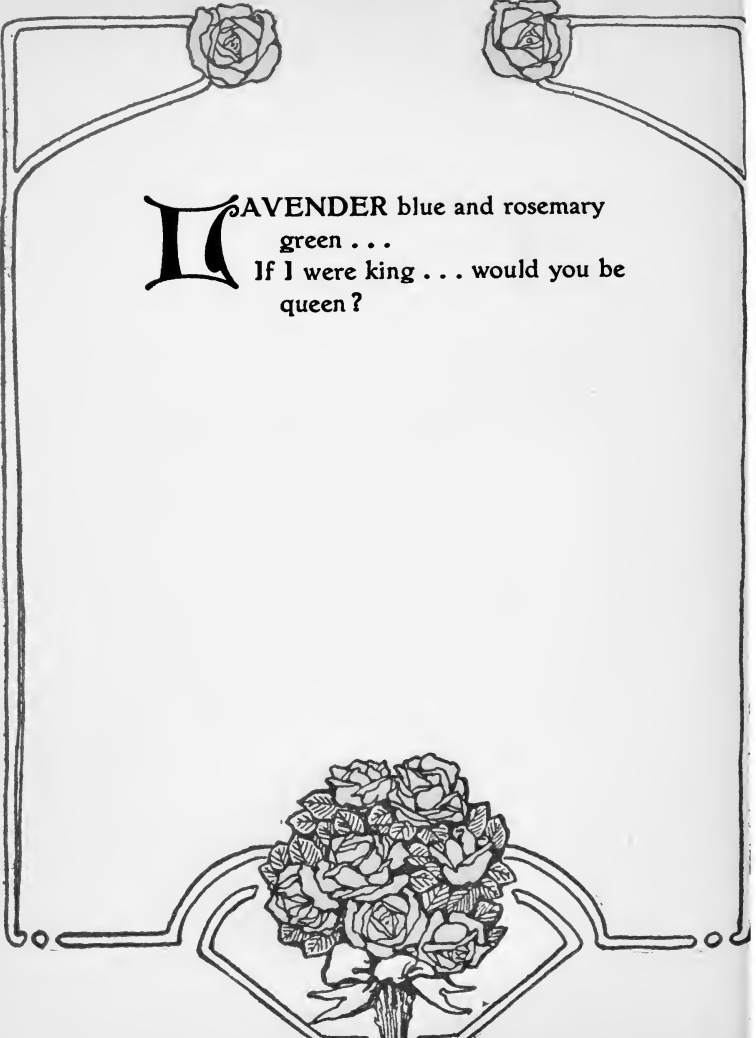


**P**RETTY maid, pretty maid,  
where have you been?  
Each cheek a rose is, fit for a  
queen —

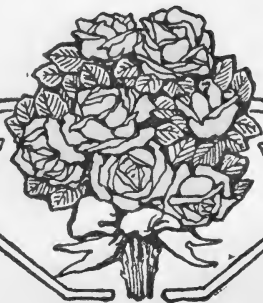
Little maid, little maid, do I guess  
true? . . .

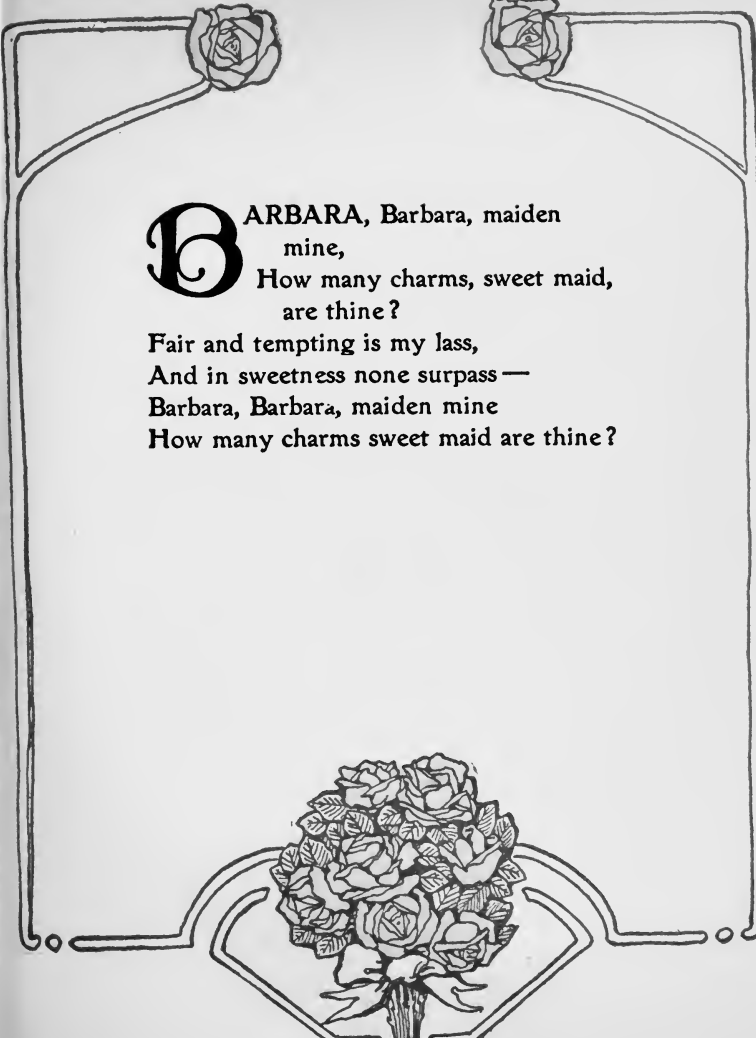
He whom you love said, "I love you."





**I**AVENDER blue and rosemary  
green . . .  
If I were king . . . would you be  
queen ?

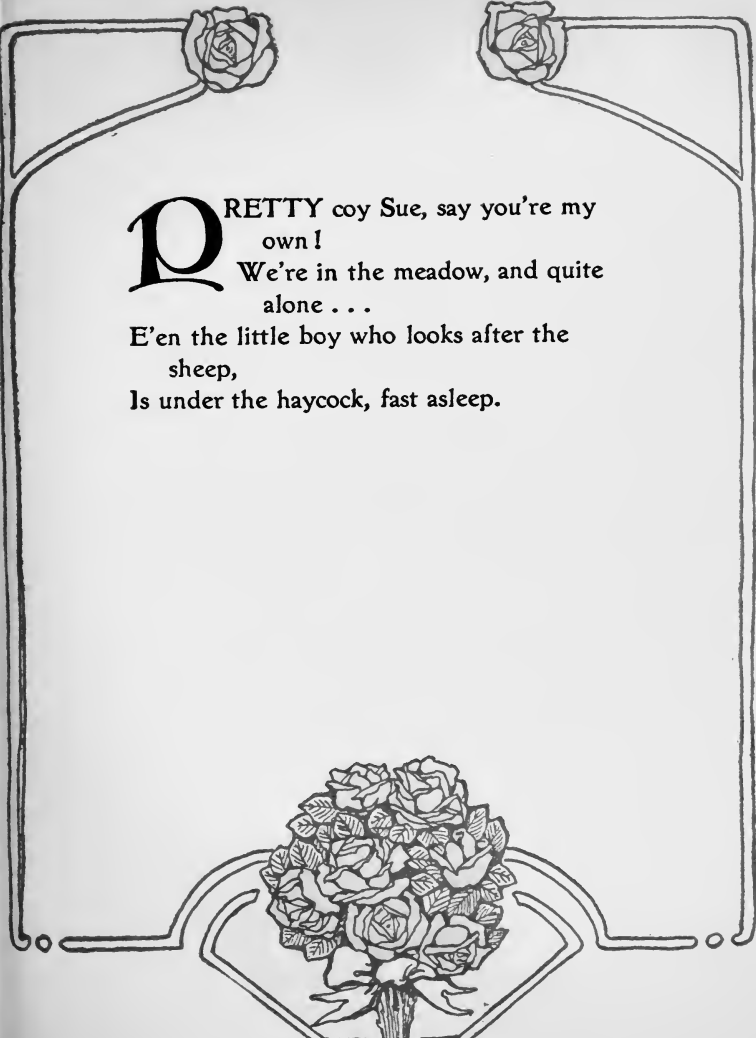




**B**ARBARA, Barbara, maiden  
mine,  
How many charms, sweet maid,  
are thine?

Fair and tempting is my lass,  
And in sweetness none surpass —  
Barbara, Barbara, maiden mine  
How many charms sweet maid are thine?

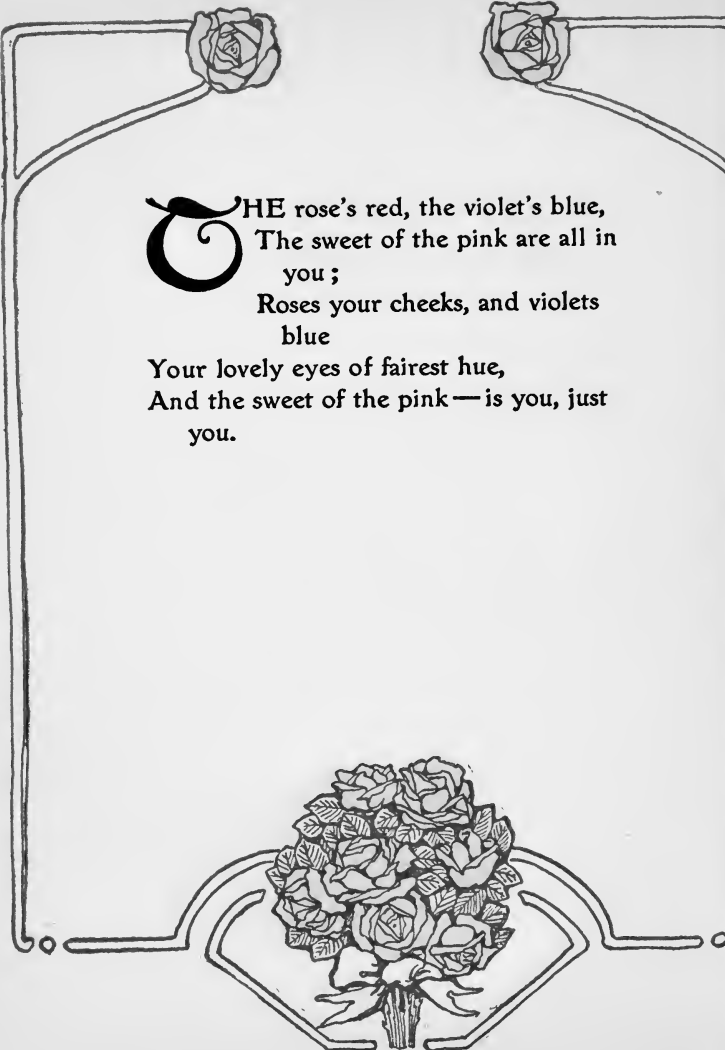




**P**RETTY coy Sue, say you're my  
own!  
We're in the meadow, and quite  
alone . . .

E'en the little boy who looks after the  
sheep,

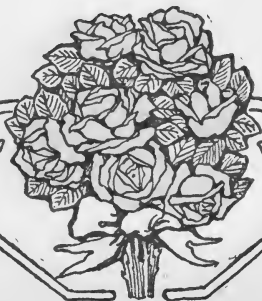
Is under the haycock, fast asleep.



THE rose's red, the violet's blue,  
The sweet of the pink are all in  
you ;

Roses your cheeks, and violets  
blue

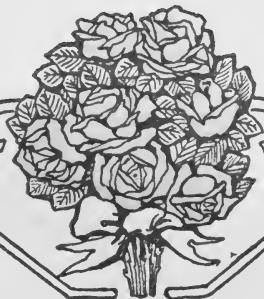
Your lovely eyes of fairest hue,  
And the sweet of the pink — is you, just  
you.




**D**ING! Dong!," Bell,  
Of Kitty's wedding tell;  
"Ding! Dong! Bell!"  
In the chapel in the dell.

Who'll lead her in?  
Her father William Green.  
Who'll lead her out?  
Her happy Johnny Stout.

Little thought he joy like this  
Would one day be his own,  
When first he sought with love's alarms,  
To coax the prize from father's arms.

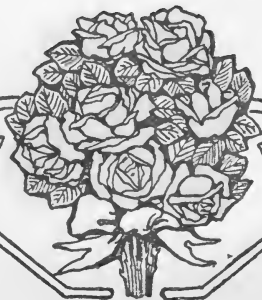







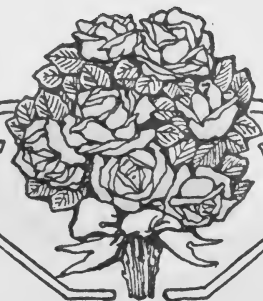
**T**HERE was a sorry miller once  
Lived on the river Dee;  
No song he sang from morn  
till night;

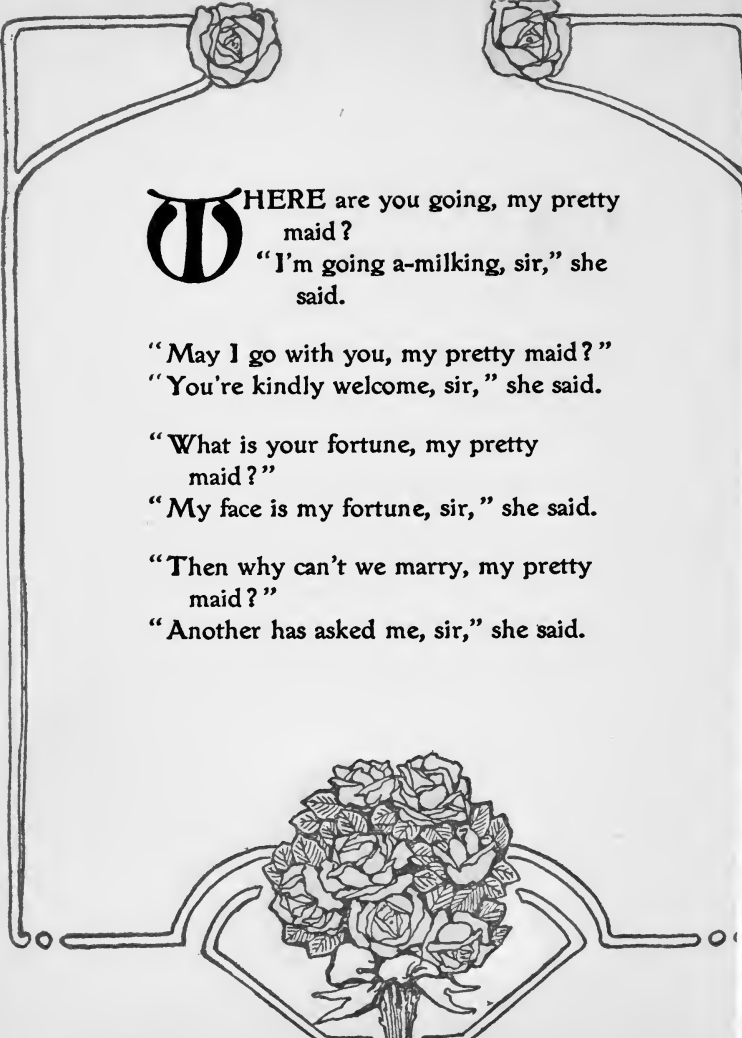
No mortal sad as he;  
For this the burden of his plaint  
Was doomed for aye to be:—  
“I care for nobody, no, alas,  
And nobody cares for me!”





**W**ITCHINGLY pretty was black-  
eyed Nan !  
She delighted every man ;  
Gentlemen came every day,  
And all she meant to send away —  
But — her black eyes bade one to stay !





**W**HERE are you going, my pretty  
maid?

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she  
said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"



"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty  
maid?"

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then why can't we marry, my pretty  
maid?"

"Another has asked me, sir," she said.

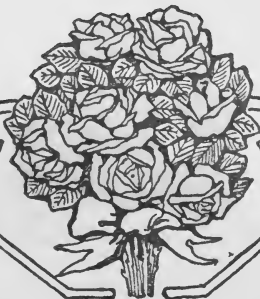


**S**OLEMN on Monday,  
Forlorn on a Tuesday —  
Maybe it's love's fault,  
Pray, what do you say? —

Listless on Wednesday,  
Harried on Thursday,  
Misfortune hath him —  
Keep us from her sway! —

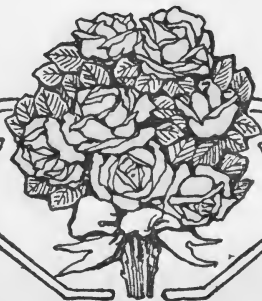
Very still Friday,  
Burdened on Saturday —  
Think you 'tis love that  
Acts in the matter, pray? —

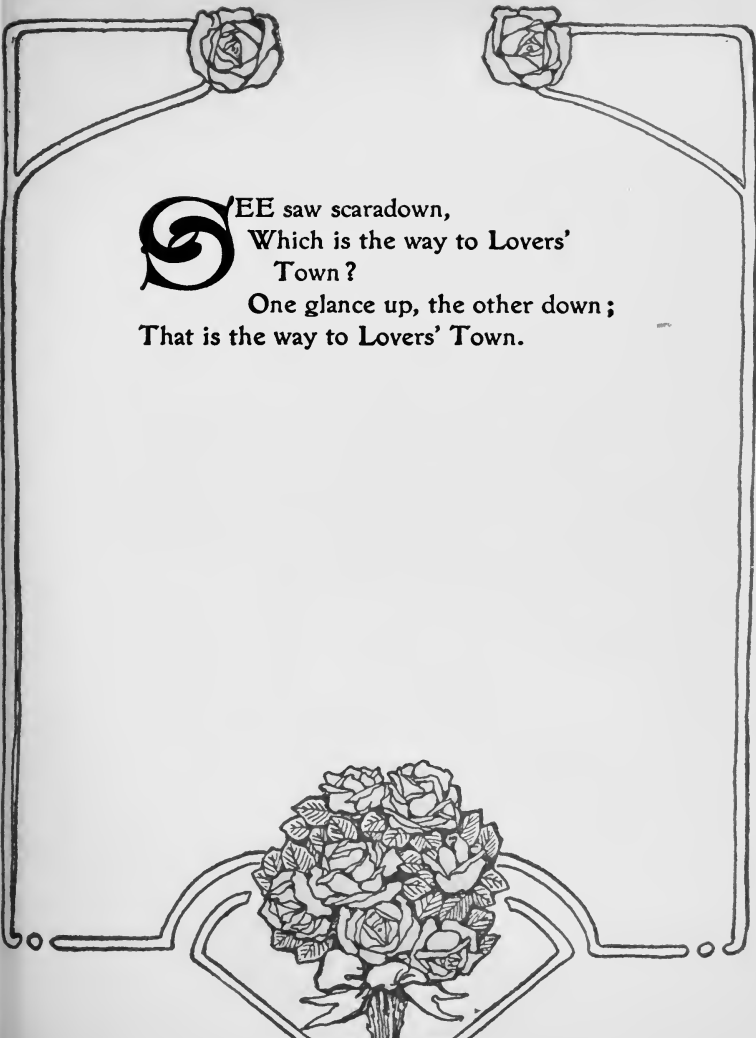
In all the long week  
Glad but on *one* day —  
Ah, sad to love always  
And meet but on Sunday!



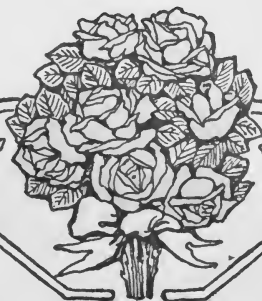
**I**NTO the meadow and thru the  
corn,  
And by the seat 'neath the apple  
thorn,

Wandered I by stream and rock;  
And the birds, in a flock  
Flew some east, flew some west —  
While the lovers went — where they liked  
best.

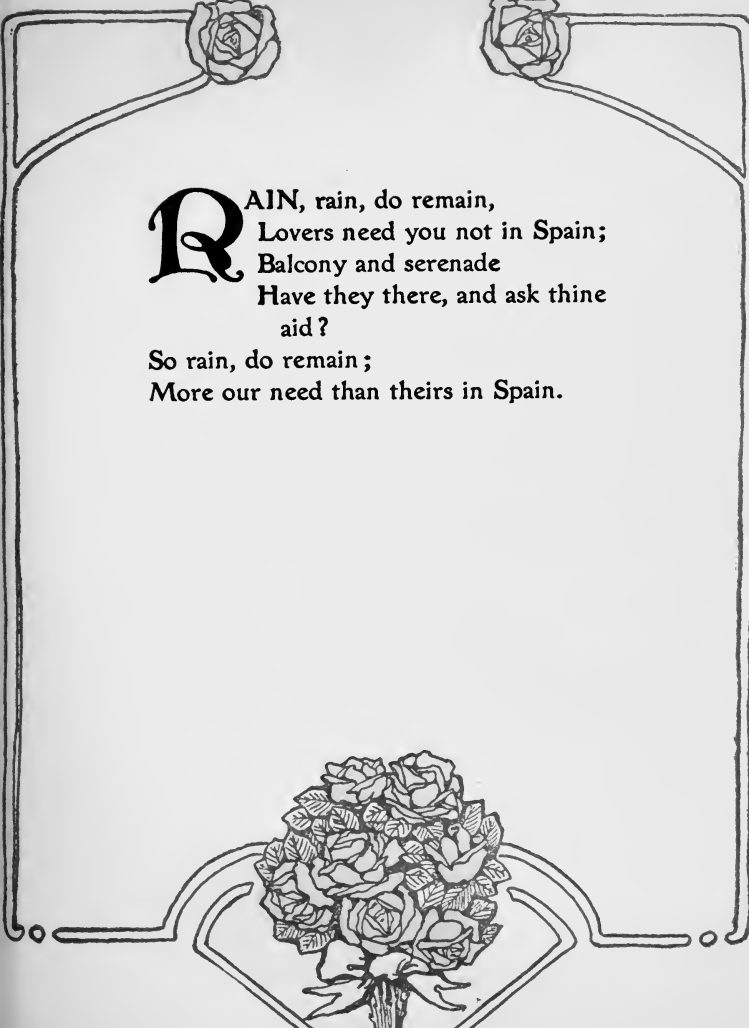




**S**EE saw scaradown,  
Which is the way to Lovers'  
Town?  
One glance up, the other down;  
That is the way to Lovers' Town.







**R**AIN, rain, do remain,  
Lovers need you not in Spain;  
Balcony and serenade  
Have they there, and ask thine  
aid?

So rain, do remain;  
More our need than theirs in Spain.

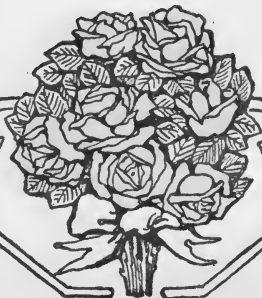



**O**H, I saw a maiden sweet off with a basket,  
When nine was the hour, and bright as the  
moon  
Was the lane with its hedges, — as poet  
would ask it —

And sweet in the May with the scent of the broom.

“Oh maiden, no maiden so witching,” thought I,  
As whither she journeyed her steps took her by;  
“Your eyes — they are blue as this morning’s fair  
skies,  
Like the dew on yon cobwebs the light in them  
lies . . .”

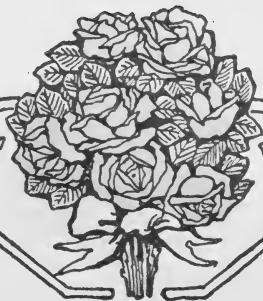
And why there was with her no other, or nigh,  
To woo one so winsome, I found no reply,  
Till a birdie far wiser than ever was I,  
Chirped, “Up the lane further, you’ll see! By-and-by!”



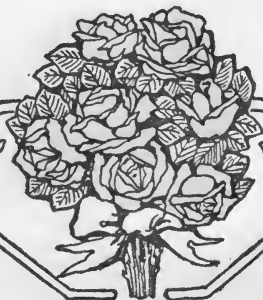


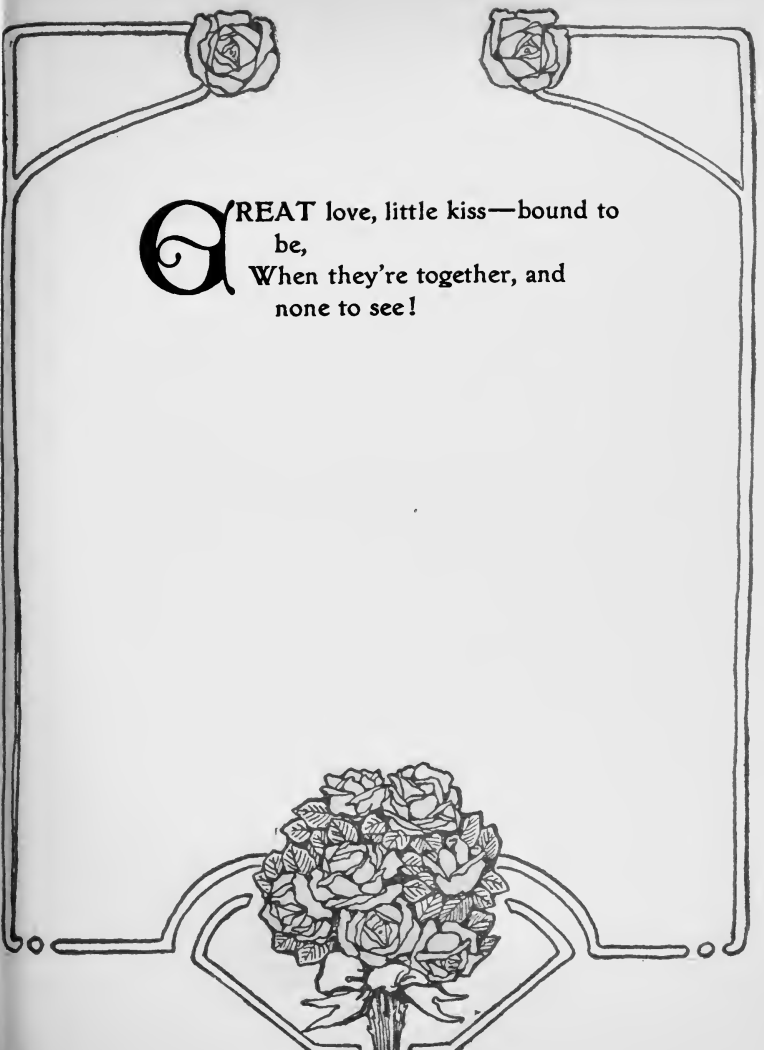
**A**S I was going up Primrose Hill,  
Met I maiden Betsey;  
Betsey is a pretty miss!—  
And she dropped me a curtsey!

Little Miss, pretty Miss,  
There is that about you  
Makes me think there'll come a day  
I cannot live without you!




**R**USH and hubbub — *he* loves  
and *she* loves,  
So the baker, the caterer and  
the dressmaker  
Shall bustle about so that soon he may  
take her!



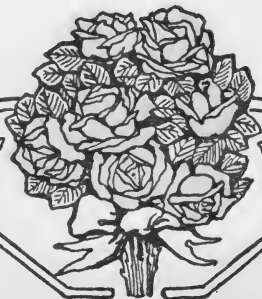


**A**REAT love, little kiss—bound to  
be,  
When they're together, and  
none to see!



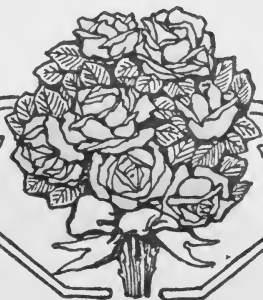



**T**HERE was an old owl lived in  
an oak,  
Whiskey, Whaskey, Wheedle,  
And all the words he ever spoke  
Were, "Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle;"  
And lovers who came oft that way  
Were rather glad he naught could say,  
Save, "Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle."



70

THERE was a fair maiden lived  
under the hill,  
If she had not loved, she'd be  
there still.

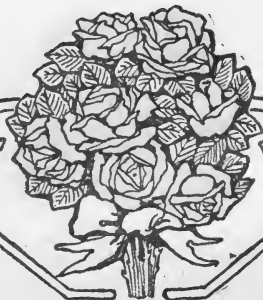




**H**E'S blind thrice,  
He's blind thrice,  
Who sees it not that joy is rife  
And sweetest charm, within his  
    . life

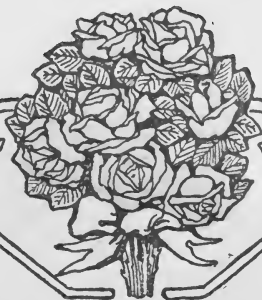
Who calls a loving lass his wife —  
Yea, blind thrice.

He's blind thrice,  
He's blind thrice,  
Who sees it not that all his life  
He ailing goes who lacks a wife,  
Whose day with gloomy hours is rife —  
Yea, blind thrice.



AS I walked by myself,  
All alone by myself,  
An elf there came to me;  
Said he, "Look to thyself!  
Take care of thyself!  
For Somebody cares for thee!"

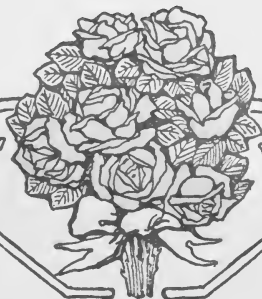
Then I answered this elf,  
This mischievous elf,  
In blithesome repartee,  
"Thanks to thyself,  
For the luck to myself,  
For now, there a wedding shall be."








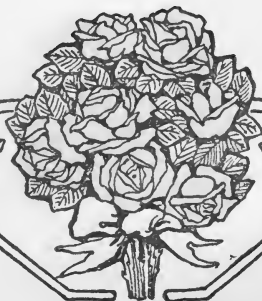
**D**IT! . . . Pat! . . .  
From under my hat,  
By courage, I see, forsaken,  
So the course you would take  
I shall help you to make,  
If I'm not mistaken.

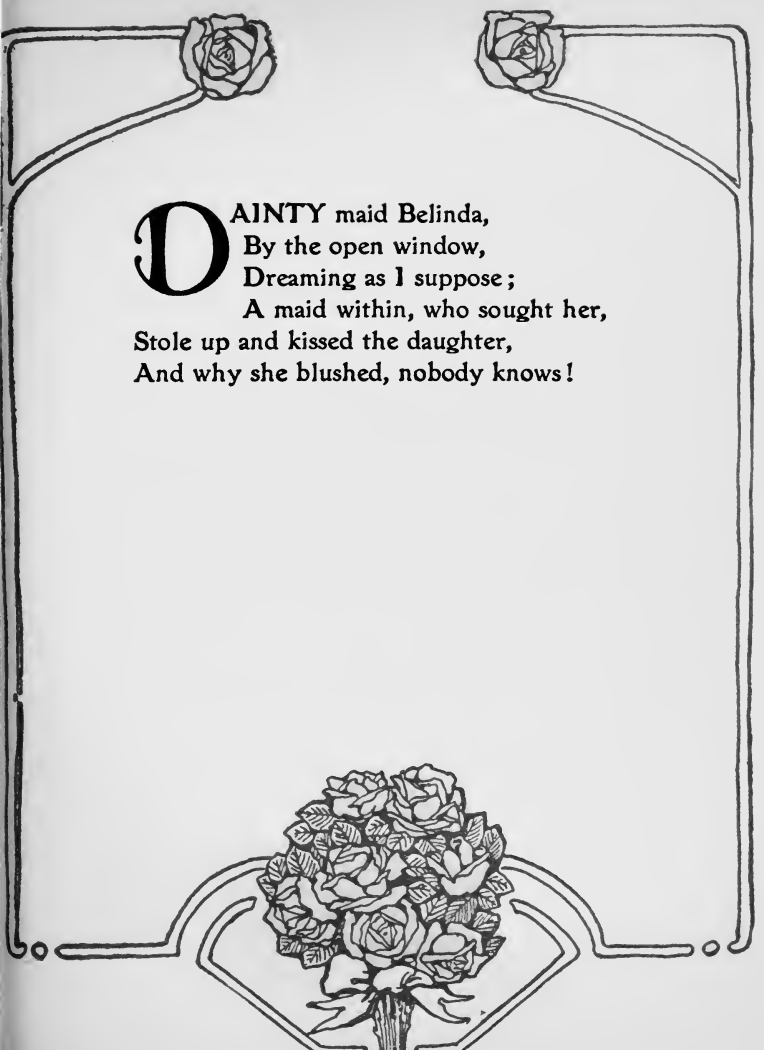




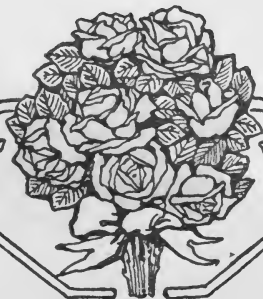
**T**HERE is a little chap,  
And he has a little quiver,  
And fatal is his aim, 'tis said,  
said, said;

He trieth in a look  
Or in a sigh, his luck;  
You can always tell his wounded  
For they wed, wed, wed!





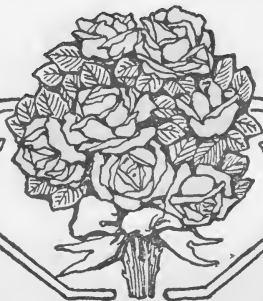
**D** AINTY maid Belinda,  
By the open window,  
Dreaming as I suppose ;  
A maid within, who sought her,  
Stole up and kissed the daughter,  
And why she blushed, nobody knows !



**W**HAT are lovers' joys made of,  
made of?  
What are lovers' joys made of?  
Kisses, and mail, and the happy  
love tale,  
And that's what their joys are made of.


What are their quarrels made of, made of?  
What are their quarrels made of?  
Very grave things that are—nothing at all!  
And that's what their quarrels are made of.

What are engagements made of, made of?  
What are engagements made of?  
Sugar — and — spice — alas, yes — but  
they're nice!  
And that's what engagements are made of.



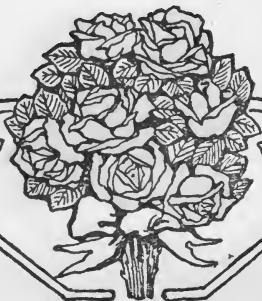
**O**LD thing, old,  
Is love we are told;  
And a wary young soul is he  
Whose craft and whose art  
Shall save him his heart,  
But merry, he cannot be.

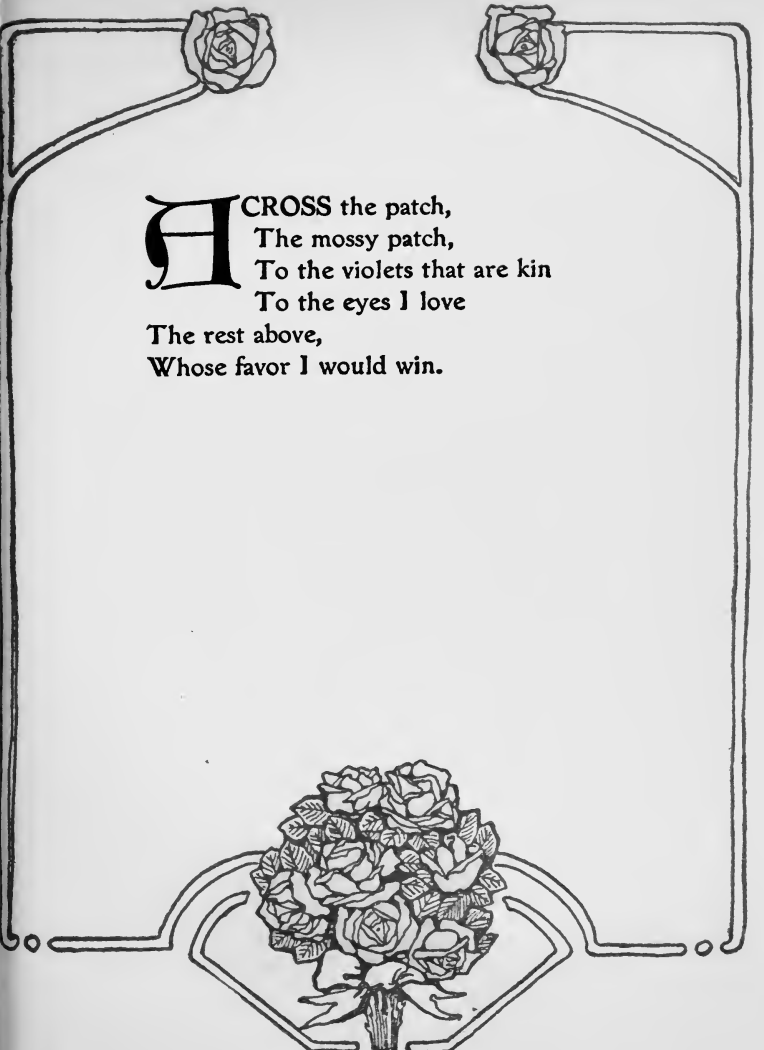




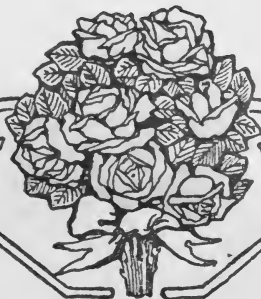
THE King of Hearts  
He made some darts  
All on a summer day;  
With marksman arts  
He found maids' hearts,  
And took them clean away!

He shot the darts  
And took their hearts;  
The maidens wept full sore,  
Till each he gave  
Her lover's heart, —  
And she was sad no more.

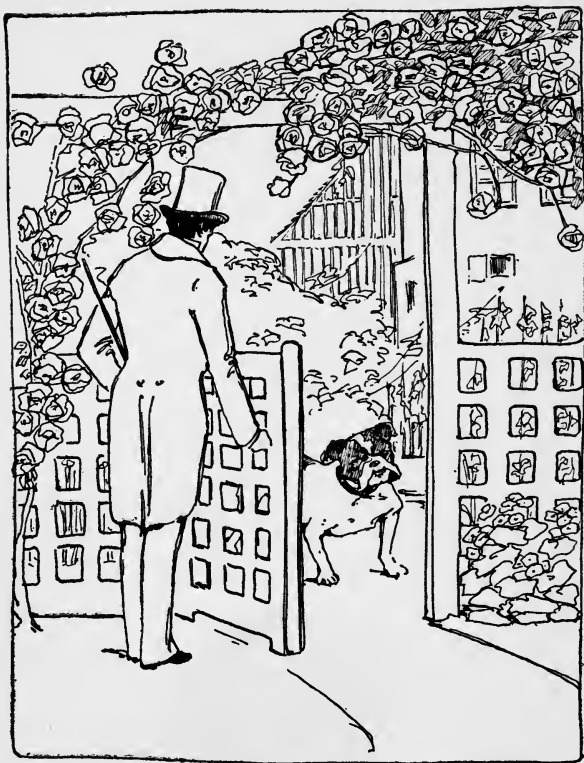




**A**CROSS the patch,  
The mossy patch,  
To the violets that are kin  
To the eyes I love  
The rest above,  
Whose favor I would win.

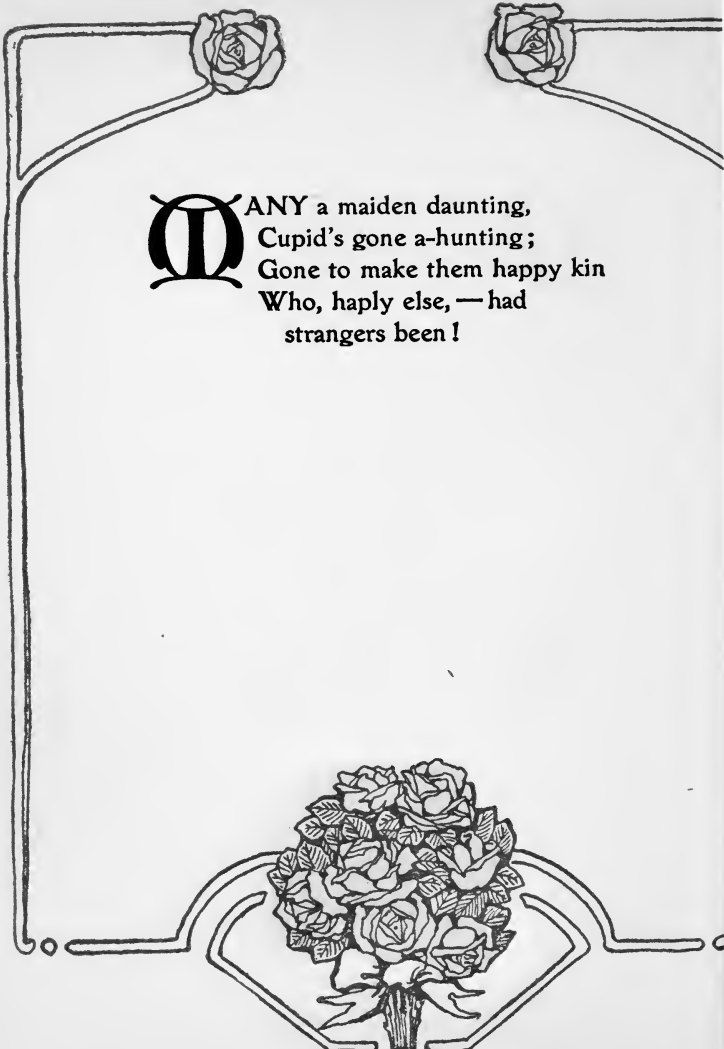







“**B**OW! Wow! Wow!’  
Whose dog art thou?”  
“I’m Miss Tucker’s dog,  
But who art thou?”

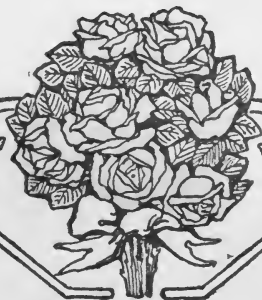





**D**ANY a maiden daunting,  
Cupid's gone a-hunting;  
Gone to make them happy kin  
Who, haply else, — had  
strangers been !



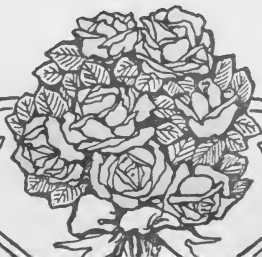
**L**ITTLE Miss Hubbard  
One day discovered  
That she was not happy alone,  
So when next he came there,  
Her heart she laid bare,  
And with coaxing, our laddie had done.








**H**LACK-a-day! she sat on the  
wall,  
And her hair had the glory of  
leaves in the Fall;  
All the king's horses and all the king's  
men  
Can't give him a bachelor's heart again!






**H**OCKS of my lady  
When the wind blows —  
E'en more bewitching  
Than when in repose!

Voice of my lady,  
Tender and low,  
Voice of the zephyrs  
Thru treetops that go.

Eyes of my lady,  
Tranquil and deep —  
Pools, where reflections  
Of violets sleep.

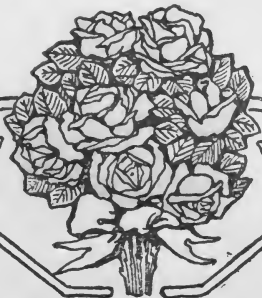




Heart of my lady,  
'Tis the red rose,  
Rare with the fragrance  
Its petals enclose.

May the dawn break,  
And soon, when I call  
My lady my own,  
Who's my idol, my all!

THE END OF  
THE WORLD

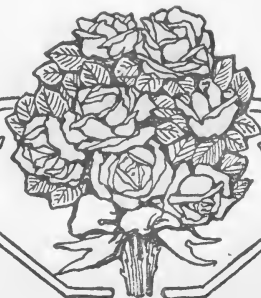






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A  
Mother Goose  
Lovers' Wis

